Mash. So did you me my Soueraigne.
Gray. And me my Lord.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours:
There is yours my Lord of *Masham.*
And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland,* this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours:
Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboord to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers
That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
These English monsters:
My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:
And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France:*
To kill vs here in *Hampton.* To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldest thou a practisde on me for thy vse:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis